

The Evening World

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AS A PASSENGER.

AT the very opening of the Genoa Conference Lloyd George got in a good natured warning:

"Let M. Tchitcherin finish this voyage and go home with all he can carry; then we will welcome him on another voyage when we know what kind of a passenger he is."

What kind of a passenger does the Soviet representative prove to be?

A charming deck companion. But when it comes to doing business together?

Take only one thing:

The Soviet idea, as expressed with engaging frankness by M. Rakovsky, is that Russia can own property in capitalistic countries, but individuals in those countries can claim no property, past or future, in communistic Russia. Foreign capital is welcomed, even demanded, by Russia, but foreign capital can buy only concessions. The Soviet Government keeps hold of the tangible assets. If other countries feel uncomfortable about this difference, they have only to nationalize their property and be like present Russia. Then there will be no difference.

The Tchitcherin charm can't sugar that pill.

Nor can earnest academic efforts to see the best in Sovietism persuade people in other countries to throw overboard all their own notions of what constitutes economic justice and stability.

If that is the only basis on which M. Tchitcherin will do business, he's not the kind of all-round passenger for a reconstructive voyage.

Mayor Hylan's "mandate" seems to be made of India rubber. It stretches.

THE BONUS BILL GOES TO MACNIDER.

IN theory a Federal law is enacted by agreement of the two Houses of Congress and the approval of the President.

In the early days of our Government this was frequently the procedure. Of late it has become the exception.

Present procedure explains a special despatch to the New York Times yesterday, reporting the progress of the Bonus Bill in Senate Finance Committee:

"A tentative draft of the new bill was submitted today to Hanford MacNider, Commander of the American Legion, and Robert G. Woodside, Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars."

Later in the day an Associated Press despatch said representatives of veterans' organizations had "virtually accepted" the latest proposals.

The bonus is the latest example of shotgun legislation. The organized minorities have come to demand a veto on measures they espouse.

It is a pity, all the more a pity because the shotgun held to the head of Congress isn't loaded. Congress is being bluffed. Mr. MacNider can't "deliver" the vote of the American Legion, much less of all the veterans.

A little plain, old-fashioned courage in Congress could put the blight on all this special pleading legislation. It could end the reign of the unconstitutional veto.

A BLOW FOR JOHN DOE.

WHEN John Doe got into the Supreme Court last Monday the Judges looked down their noses in disapproval and Chief Justice Taft threw John out.

John is a hard character—worse even than Richard Roe. John has a long criminal record. Murder, robbery, arson, burglary, and every other crime have become an old story for John. He is no fit associate for the Honorable of the Supreme Bench. He is an international crook and scoundrel, and it did not help him that in the present instance he happened to be representing the ancient and honorable State of Massachusetts.

The Judges held that if Massachusetts wanted justice Massachusetts must appear in its proper legal person, not as a rough character like John Doe.

Judicial traditions die slowly. John will probably survive in the courts as a personal malefactor in spite of the fact that a simpler designation of a "person unknown" would serve.

But as a representative of a sovereign State John will no longer do.

SOVIETISM IN A SILK HAT.

SOVIET delegates have dined with royalty and have worn silk hats. Tchitcherin's linen is as spotless as Barthou's.

The surprise such simple facts arouse casts an interesting and significant light on the business of government and the formation and growth of political theories. It accounts for a good many of the shortcomings of democracy.

Tchitcherin's good manners are in no way a recommendation of his policies. But the fact that so many people are surprised by his manners

gives a key to the all too common use of the word "Bolshevik" to describe those with whom the speaker disapproves.

If Communism was bad, a Bolshevik was a person one would not care for as a friend. The next step was a simple reversal. Every person personally distasteful was a Bolshevik. The real features of Communism as distinguished from other forms of political organization got lost in the shuffle.

As a matter of hard-won experience, it is unsafe to judge political doctrines by the personal appearance of advocates. If careful grooming and the surface form of good manners were an indication, Henry Cabot Lodge would be a safe guide and Warren G. Harding would be a better President than Abraham Lincoln.

Tchitcherin's silk hat doesn't make Sovietism less dangerous. It only makes Tchitcherin more dangerous in the way that Lodge and Harding are dangerous.

THERE'S A LIMIT.

HOW the Transit Commission takes the action of the Board of Estimate on the long-held-up subway contracts is put by Chairman McAneny with clearness and point:

"As the matter now stands, the commission, after careful explanation to the Board of Estimate, made in its letter of April 5, that the delay in the case of the 14th Street line would mean a continuation of the loss of \$2,000 a day that is now entailed, and further delay in transit relief, is advised that the Board of Estimate is willing to stand for this added expense for reasons best known to itself.

"There is clearly no probability that they will act on this particular lot of contracts until they are readvertised, no matter what additional waste may follow. Therefore the commission will readvertise them.

"So far as the Board of Estimate is concerned it will mean merely one more item on the bill of loss that has characterized its treatment of the 14th Street subway for the past five years."

In the mean time the Hylan Administration has something else to explain.

When the Mayor says the statement about the \$2,000 a day charges on the city's \$17,000,000 investment in the 14th Street subway is "all bunk"; when he throws a fit of self-righteous horror over the thought of approving contracts "not in accord with current prices"—what has he to say about the loose way his own Administration has let other contracts involving millions of dollars of taxpayers' money?

What has he to say about the \$10,000,000 contracts for the construction of piers on Staten Island—which contracts, as The Evening World has pointed out, were let in 1920 without bidding?

What about the twenty-five millions the Mayor was eager to spend on buses to displace existing transit facilities, regardless of whether the city could do without what he proposed to destroy?

Was there ever any cavilling about cost when the Mayor was ready to rush in with grandstand plays that somebody told him would boost him "with the people"?

Did he ever worry about taxpayers' money when the "pressing need" was the one it suited his purpose to urge?

There are signs that Mayor Hylan's own pet public is beginning to see through him.

They are sick of hearing him boast about the 5-cent fare they are NOT paying.

Pretty soon they will revolt against being taxed to prolong their own transit sufferings in order that a Mayor who pretends to love them may make faces at a Transit Commission.

There's a limit.

Before the War a Southern gentleman distinguished between loyalty to the United States and loyalty to his own State. The latter was more important.

This seems to be something like the position Attorney General Daugherty takes in the case of W. O. Watta. Loyalty to Daugherty seems more important to Daugherty than loyalty to the Nation.

ACHES AND PAINS

A Disjointed Column by John Keetz.

The Farrar furore ought to interest the few folks who dwell in the dull little village of Paris Hill, Me., four miles from the railroad, where Geraldine lived as a small girl—years ago. How Maine has turned out the song birds!—Annie Louise Cary, Lillian Norton, Emma Eumes, to say nothing of G. F.

Charlie Chaplin's latest is called "Pay Day—A Comedy." It is a joke for a good many of us.

It is astonishing how "millions" vanish in Wall Street and how they always come back again.

Fresh eggs are selling at 29 cents a dozen. Just as the hen does her best she receives the least encouragement.

The newest dictum is that fashion is the enemy of art. What about the Art of Folly?

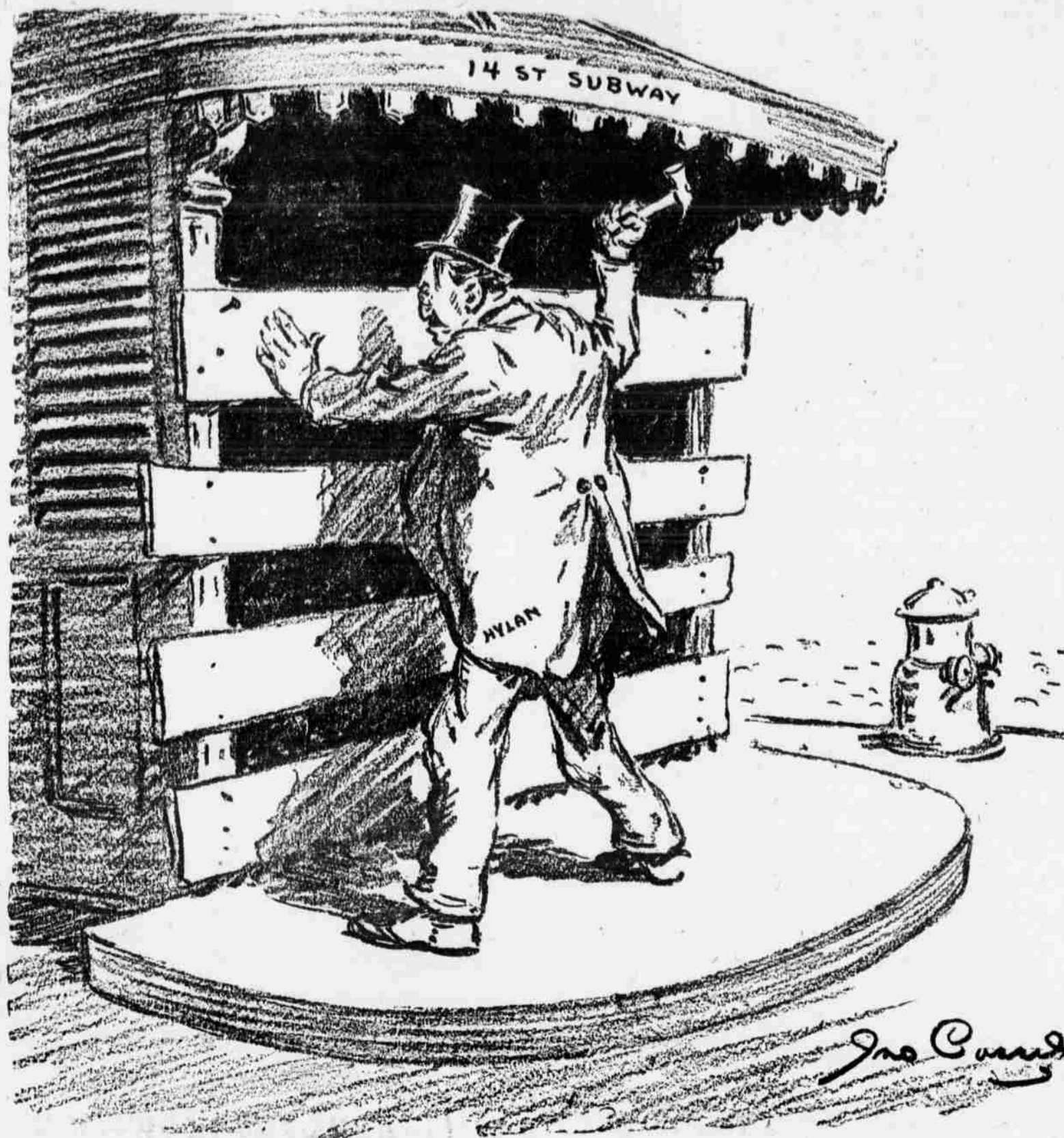
Every few minutes a crisis arises at Genoa and the headlines shriek. Why isn't it possible to have them all at once, like the measles, and be over with it?

For a non-military country China seems to do an extra lot of fighting.

Keeping It Closed!

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By John Cassel



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

Out of Proportion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To-day by accident I had occasion to walk across City Hall Park, and there saw the new statue of Civic Virtue being erected. To many of them it was still an unknown book. But I did not see a single scientist who was a native of the place. I saw no factory making the thousand and one delicate instruments by which science is able to work out the intricate problems which they are continually solving. Some of them did not know enough about science or civilization either to make or to use a knife, fork or spoon. They looked their food in a dirty pot and clawed it out with their fingers.

The only place on this planet where it is fit to live is where the light of God's Word shines. The Bible is the foundation of all science, and is in harmony with all true science, even though it discounts the guesses and speculations of those who presume to substitute their opinions for the clear statements of Jehovah.

FRANK H. G. KEABLE.

New York, April 21, 1922.

Prof. Freud.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In your issue of April 12th, Dr. Quackenbos makes the statement in speaking of psycho-analysis: "They go on the mistaken notion of their patron Freud—himself abnormal in sex matters."

I beg to say of my own personal knowledge that this statement is grossly libellous and untrue. On the contrary, Prof. Freud is a respected member of the community in Vienna holding many honorary positions. Even his bitterest scientific opponents end their disagreement with his teachings by asserting him to be a man of the highest personal morality and integrity. He is happily married and is the father of six children.

In view of the fact that all this is well known and can easily be verified, Dr. Quackenbos's false statement.

L. B.

April 20, 1922.

The Bible and Science.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some who have studied the so-called science of the present day and have the reputation of being among the wise men of the earth, look very learned and tell us with much assurance that the Bible and science do not agree; therefore the Bible cannot be true. Indeed! The Word of God opposed to science!

Before being fooled by any such allegation, we shall do well to remember that the only place there is any science, scientific institutions, instruments of science or scientists, is where there are Bibles. Will the scientists who are discounting the Word of God and substituting their own opinion about things, please step to the front and explain to the large audience who wants to know, why this is?

It has been my privilege to visit

several parts of the world where, until quite recently, the untutored natives who live there had never heard of a Bible; and to many of them it was still an unknown book. But I did not see a single scientist who was a native of the place. I saw no factory making the thousand and one delicate instruments by which science is able to work out the intricate problems which they are continually solving. Some of them did not know enough about science or civilization either to make or to use a knife, fork or spoon. They looked their food in a dirty pot and clawed it out with their fingers.

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GEORGE B. THOMPSON.

New York, April 21, 1922.

They're Not Pontooners.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The discovery of the use of wood for wine storage and transport is due to the winemakers of Illyria and Cisalpine Gaul. Maximinus, when besieging Aquileia, A. D. 238, knew the value of wine for his soldiers, and had large quantities stored in casks, and the empty casks were then used to build a bridge in the shape of pontoons. Now these vessels were called cupae, and the worker who fashioned them Cuparius, hence the German word "cufer" and our English word "cooper."

The discovery and the use of hip-pockets for wine storage and transport is due indirectly to Volstead who fashioned the Eighteenth Amendment. If Volstead were placed in the predicament of Maximinus, he would have a hard time building a bridge with hip-pockets.

H. J. M.

Brooklyn, April 20, 1922.

Danger From "Strong-Arms."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read what a member of the Police Department had to say about gangs and crime. It is a good suggestion. But there are men and boys who stand on the streets who like to have a chat with their friends who cannot go to their friends' homes or bring them to their own homes under existing circumstances. These same men and boys can give a good account of themselves.

There are men who work late, who stop to have a bite to eat and a chat on the sidewalk in the fresh air. This kind of men and boys will not run away from the police when they know they have done no wrong, and it would be a terrible thing to see a

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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ABILITY MUST BE BUILT.

If you want to have ability you have got to make it. There is no other way. You are not born with it. Nobody can teach it to you.

Talent you may be born with. Book knowledge you can acquire. Mathematics and science can be taught you by others.

But ability, ableness, must be of your own building. And if you expect to have enough of it to command attention, you had better start the work of construction right away.

Don't fancy that you are going to have an easy job. Don't imagine that, even if you work hard and untiringly, progress will be smooth and steady. You will have setbacks and disappointments.

There will be times when you think you have mastered your business or profession, but they will be followed swiftly by times when you will discover that you know really very little about it.

Just when you believe you are getting good, you will see somebody at work in the same business who has attained an ease and a sureness of working that look utterly impossible to you.

No man ever got to a really important position in life without disappointments that sometimes amounted to heartbreaks.

No man was ever able to impress others with his ability till he had spent years in acquiring it.

The lawyer who has spent three years at law school is about as ill-fitted to try a lawsuit as he was before he began his studies.

Seldom does he get to be a first class lawyer before he is forty. Usually he is just beginning to be known as a good lawyer when he reaches his fiftieth birthday.

There are so many men in the world, all striving for distinction, that only those who are willing to put in long hours and laborious effort ever attain it.

The genius can do from childhood things that other men can never learn to do at all.

But even he will never learn to do well what nature meant him to do without painfully building up his ability.

This is not meant to be a discouraging article. But when you begin your life work it is well to know that it is not going to be easy and successful at the same time. You must choose one or the other. And you can never have even fair success unless you carefully build your own ability.

Strong Arm Squad rush up on a lot of innocent people and belt them with a stick and then apologize after the damage is done.

C. S. M.

New York, April 20, 1922.

"Flapper."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In response to a query about the origin of "flapper," in your issue of April 17.

"Flapper" is the name of the short, unbridled hair worn by English girls, and this term has been so used for some years past by them, probably from the notion that it may be

EVOLUTION

The A B C of This Famous Epoch-Making Theory
By Ransome Sutton

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XIV.—ENVIRONMENT AND MAN.

I have planted sweet pepper seeds, raised on Long Island, in Mexico, and seen these seeds, after three plantings, produce hot peppers. They were kept apart from other peppers, so the soil and climate caused the change.

Some years ago an Englishman took a flock of white sheep to Sierra Leone, in equatorial West Africa, where these white sheep gave rise to a breed of black-headed sheep, without ever coming in contact with any native sheep. Clearly, the African habitat turned the heads of the unborn lambs black. In like manner the tropics darken complexions, whereas colder climates produce blondness. From the Poles to the Equator blondness shades the black, color being only skin deep, a matter of pigmentation. Every human skin is underlaid with pigment cells, or cells which contain coloring matter. In the tropics, due to excessive heat, humidity and vegetable foods, together with constant perspiration, more pigment is produced than in higher altitudes. In human beings, however, color yields very slowly to the influences of environment.

In order to contrast the influences exerted upon man by tropical and temperate surroundings, let us assume that at a time when the human brain was smaller, more plastic and more impressionable than now, groups of low-down savages, belonging to the same stock, found themselves simultaneously in equatorial Africa and in Europe. According to de Quatrefages, these creatures were at the time they parted company: "Redhaired, yellow skinned and prognathous; the red being a russet brown and the yellow a yellowish brown."

Food effects would first be noted. The Africans would not need to eat meat to produce body heat, because the temperature of the atmosphere averaged about the same as human blood. Cooling foods, containing starch, sugar and vegetable proteins, could be obtained in the jungles without the exercise of sagacity or courage. Clothing would not be needed. The Africans had nothing much to do but feed from hand to mouth, to sleep, perspire and marvel at the manifestations of nature. And the effect produced by what Buckle calls the general aspects of tropical nature upon weak-minded Africans was similar to that produced by a spectacular hippodrome performance upon the minds of children—so dazzling that they could not hope and would not try to understand the causes. Having no need to procure meat or skins, the Africans would avoid jungle foes, run from them. In the struggle for existence, therefore, the best runners would survive. Instead of mastering nature, nature mastered the Africans. The Europeans, on the other hand, needed meat and skins to keep their bodies warm. They had to fight for a living, to exercise their brains and muscles every day of their lives. Instead of simply marveling at the manifestations of nature, they learned to inquire as to the causes. In the struggle for existence, not the most cowardly, but the most capable and sagacious survived.

In the tropics, mankind turned black and the brain remained childish, imagination growing faster than any of the other faculties. In Europe, mankind turned white and matured a bold, sagacious, self-reliant, and daring faculties the reasoning faculty gradually gained ascendancy.

From the African mind came magic, oaths, sorceries, fetishism, taboo—superstitions born of imagination. From the European mind came civilization.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WORD?

159—CABAL.

There is an interesting story of British politics in the troublous time of Charles II. In the word "cabal." A gang of royal favorites had laid firm hold on the powers of government and were exercising those powers for their own discreditable purposes.

The names of these reprobates were Clifford, Ashley-Cooper (Lord Shaftesbury), Buckingham, Arlington and Lauderdale. The initials of the first names of these gentlemen were used, for convenience, to designate the system under which England was groaning. Those initials spelled the word "cabal."

The made up word was a much needed token to express a secret, unscrupulous and selfish ring of politicians. The reign of Charles II. furnished the word.

From the Wise

Flirtation is a circulating library in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume.

—N. P. Willis.

Must one rash word, the infirmity of age, throw down the merit of my better years?—Addison.

The higher we rise the more isolated we become; and all elevations are cold.—Boufflers.

The heart that is to be filled to the brim with holy joy must be held still.—Bowe.

You cannot by all the lecturing in the world enable a man to make a shoe.—Dr. Johnson.

New York, April 18, 1922.